

Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark, Registered.
FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM.
"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Band of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends, Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 43

Boston, August, 1910

No. 3



VACATION IN THE COUNTRY

Courtesy of Woodward & Tiernan Printing Co., St. Louis

ENCOURAGE GENTLENESS

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine
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Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

—Cowper.

THUS sang the poet, and every parent who keeps the sentiment of this verse firmly in mind while training children is adding decidedly to the sum of goodness in the world, declares a writer in the *Philadelphia North American*:

If a child or a grown person display cruelty to an animal, there will inevitably appear somewhere along the line the cruelty of his nature in thought and action toward people. Every human being is innately good. It is the duty of parents to encourage and foster kindness and gentleness in children, and an excellent medium through which these qualities can be emphasized is a horse or any pet.

Children are sometimes afraid of horses on account of their comparative greatness of size. They first of all should be taught common sense in their actions with animals. For instance, they must not stand behind a horse, where a kick might be given that would result in serious injury.

Feeding time is an opportune time to introduce a child to a horse. Encourage self-confidence and show the little one how to present sugar or an apple to the animal. The outstretched palm should be held so that the horse can take up the food with its lips. The little girl or boy will soon learn to hold steadily the favorite sweet, and the delight of the animal will be gratifying to the childish heart.

Rabbits are so mild and gentle themselves that the most timid child cannot feel fearful toward them. Here again the feeding of them is a delightful way to teach the boy or girl gentleness. There must be no rough handling and no teasing. Gentle stroking and a quiet manner at all times must be insisted upon in all actions toward bunnies.

One thing that children should realize is the fact that mother and children must not be separated when the tiny animals or birds need the care of the mother. The story can be driven home by an appeal to personal experience. "How would you feel if an enormous person came and took you away, in spite of your cries, from mother?" will arouse the child to profitable thought and a subsequent hesitation in disturbing the happy family of pets.

Birds should be handled with the utmost delicacy; the fingers should never crush the little things, and the feet should be allowed to rest on something firm, giving a feeling of security. Grain, cornmeal, bread-crumbs held in the other hand will do much toward pacifying a fluttering dove or pigeon. Of course, there must never be any tantalizing in connection with feeding. The tempers of animals and birds are often destroyed by this method of having fun.

Chickens, even the most wary, can be coaxed by corn. They can be taught to eat from the outstretched hand, and any means of bringing children in a kindly relationship with animals is conducive to beneficial results on their characters.

A gentle child usually develops into a kind, gentle woman or man. The thought that other living beings have feelings is a thought well worth encouragement. If animals be treated kindly there is small doubt that people will receive similar gentleness. And, after all, what is better than a gentle woman or a gentle man?

OUR NATIONAL DANGER

How long this rage for armament will last and what excesses it will lead to it is impossible to say. Lust of conquest or fear of disaster will ever be the potent factors in its maintenance, and nothing but an international agreement to limit the armaments of the great powers will stay the national bankruptcy to which this ever-increasing expenditure must inevitably lead.

For Our Dumb Animals by Rev. J. T. SUNDERLAND

WAR AND THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

The most enlightened and the soberest intelligence of the world is declaring that war is the central enemy to the world's progress. It is such an enemy primarily because it holds in its grasp so large a proportion of the human energies and material resources of all the leading nations of the world, and employs them not for progress or for human benefit but for waste and destruction. For example, the astounding, the almost unthinkable fact stares us in the face that nearly seven-tenths of the total revenue of the United States government is spent for objects connected with war. In other great nations the case is as bad. Of course all this vast wealth comes from the people and belongs to the people, and ought to be used for their benefit, to give them better food, better homes, better schools.

Why should the people be thus robbed of their own? How can humanity advance when thus impoverished, and bowed to the earth beneath war burdens?

Immoral Effects of War

But war does even worse than waste untold wealth and measureless human energy. It injures the moral life of the world, and hinders the world's moral progress. It depraves the moral sense of communities and nations. It vitiates national ideals. It degrades the personal ideals of young men by associating honor, in their thoughts, with what is brutal instead of with what is noble; with efforts to injure others instead of with efforts to benefit others; with destruction of life, instead of with the saving of life. War is the most conspicuous and the most hideous form in which the barbarism, the cruelty and the unreason of the past reach down and perpetuate themselves in the present.

In earlier and darker ages of the world doubtless war had its necessary place. But those ages are gone. Among civilized peoples there is no more need or place for war today than for lynch law, or dueling or the vendetta. Civilization substitutes local and national courts for pistols and bludgeons; it must soon substitute an international court for our equally barbarous machine guns and battle-ships. As a means for settling difficulties between enlightened nations nothing more bungling, more unreasonable, more brutal or more dishonorable, not to say more enormously and uselessly expensive, can be conceived than the method of war. And certainly no method can be less able to afford a guarantee that the settlement effected will be just.

Way Open for Court of Justice

But at last the nations of Christendom have arrived at a stage in the world's progress where if they will they can now have a great International Court of Arbitral Justice, composed of the wisest and ablest jurists of the world,—a court in which differences between nations can be settled with dignity, with honor, with economy, by reasonable and humane methods, and with practical certainty of justice to all concerned.

The way has been opened for such a Court by the two Hague Conferences. All that is now needed is to create in our own and in three or four other leading nations a public sentiment enlightened enough and strong enough to say, "It ought to be done, and it shall be done," and the result will be, that the great deed, immeasurable in its good to mankind, will soon be accomplished.

Beneficent Results to Follow

The event will be nothing less than epoch-making in human history. With such a High Court of Nations once securely set up, we have a right to expect that there will follow a gradual and in the end a very large reduction of armaments, a gradual waning of the war spirit, a slow but sure replacing of military ambitions among nations by the far nobler

ambitions of peace, and the recovery of the vast financial resources which have been so long prostituted to uses of war, and their employment at last for ends of human benefit.

I will not say that then will come the millennium, for nothing is plainer than that the human race is yet very far from its final goal, and has many a tedious hill to climb and many a long struggle to pass through before it can reach any halting place where it will have any right to sit down and claim that its ends are even measurably attained. But this I will say, that with the horrible and insane game of war once thus outlawed by the leading nations, the greatest of all known enemies to human progress will have been destroyed, and the way will be open as it never yet has been, for a concentration of the resources and energies of mankind upon efforts for the promotion of human welfare.

Hartford, Conn.

For Our Dumb Animals

BULL-FIGHTING IN HAVANA

I learn by the public press that a bill legalizing the revival of bull-fights in Havana has been favorably reported from a committee of the House and is now awaiting further action in the Cuban legislature. A statement is likewise made that the bill gives a company, the capital of which is principally American, the exclusive concession for thirty years to operate a Monte Carlo on a tract of land near Camp Columbia at which the attractions will be gambling games, bull-fights, cock-fights, horse races and other sports. The object of the bill, it is declared, is to attract tourists to Havana.

There are very few of the better and more representative class of American citizens but what will read a notice of this description with deep regret. Cuba owes much to America and can well afford to heed the example and the precepts of the nation which made her free. By unanimous consent the more advanced nations of the earth, those highest in culture and civilization, and also in the arts of peace and war, have eliminated brutal sports from the list of their pastimes. It is no longer regarded as manly, or calculated to develop a proper national character that the people of a country should be allowed to indulge in sports which are brutal and bloody.

We hope that it is not asking too much of the Cuban people that they should try to educate themselves for the highest development which can mark the history of a successful self-governing nation. Just so surely as the people of Cuba are allowed by their government to be debauched by gambling and by degrading sports, so will their national character gradually become more and more degraded until they will cease to be self-governing and become merely an annex to some nation with a stronger and truer moral fiber. If it is not given to her statesmen to recognize this fact and to build wisely and well for the future, they will have to learn by hard experience. Practices of this kind can only earn the contempt of the more powerful and higher civilized nations. In the name of humanity and for the sake of her own possible great future, the humanitarians of America call upon the Cuban people and the Cuban Congress to set their faces against these evidences of decay and racial degeneration.

WILLIAM O. STILLMAN,

President of the American Humane Association,
Albany, N. Y.

That day is best wherein we give

A thought to others' sorrows;

Forgetting self, we learn to live;

And blessings born of kindly deeds

Make golden our tomorrows.

For Our Dumb Animals THE DOCTOR'S HORSE



DAN was a well-bred horse, not by any means a thoroughbred, but he had been well brought up, as the saying goes. He had gone at an even gait for fifteen years, without showing any adventurous or dare-devil disposition, beyond a half-hearted inclination to appear skittish when the weather was cold and after he had been standing up for several days.

In the main, he was just what a plain, everyday family horse should be, safe and dependable, and he gave promise of remaining that way until the rest of his days had passed. But the unexpected did happen. At the beginning of his sixteenth year, Dan had begun to show signs of an uncertainty of temper, a kind of impatience, not to say disgust with his surroundings. Time after time, when the old doctor, who owned him, went to put on the ancient patched harness and hitch him to the dilapidated old buggy, Dan would lunge and rear, so that the doctor was constrained to say that certain devils must have entered into him. And he ran away twice, one time pulling up against a bank where he almost ended the life of the buggy if not that of the occupant. However, you know it is said that after a vehicle has reached a certain age or stage of ricketiness, it is almost impossible to utterly destroy it, and thus it was with the doctor's buggy.

Many times had friends of the doctor assured him that he badly needed a new harness and buggy, but the doctor had always insisted that they would last as long as the horse and mayhap as long as himself. However there were those who thought the doctor had an eye on one of the auto advertisements which appeared in his medical journal.

But Dan's disposition was rapidly becoming worse. It was almost impossible to hitch him in the buggy now without a man to hold him until the driver had seated himself and secured a firm grip on the lines and even then he would start with a lunge that threatened to dismember the venerable outfit. None of the family now dared to drive him and begged the doctor to get rid of him, but he was loath to part with an old friend that had done him such faithful service.

Said he, "Who knows, the poor old horse may be suffering with a form of equine in-

sanity, and if so it would be cruel to turn him over to a man who would not be kind to him. Still the look in his eye is more of angry disgust than anything else. I guess we'll find out what ails him, soon."

But they did not, and Dan was really getting dangerous when the doctor's son came home on a visit. The morning after he arrived, he went with his father to the stable to help him hitch up. When he saw the condition of things, he said,

"Father, you should not attempt to drive this horse with such an outfit as that. It is dangerous."

"I know it is, son. I mean to get rid of Dan right away. I am getting too old to take such risks."

"But you need another buggy and a new set of harness, anyway," said his son.

"John," said his father, "What do you think of those Blank Autos. They are advertised especially for doctors."

"Not worth scrap-iron price," replied John, decidedly. "Cost you more to keep than two horses."

The doctor said no more, and they drove on to the city.

When they had completed their business and were ready to return, they went to the feed stable where they had left Dan and the doctor ordered him hitched to his buggy. When the hostler brought the horse, the doctor saw that Dan had on strong new harness and was hitched to a rubber-tired buggy which was brand-new.

"Guess you have made a mistake and hitched my horse to the wrong buggy," said the surprised doctor.

"No, he hasn't, father," John spoke up, "that is my present to you."

Of course his father was pleased, but who can say that he did not think of the auto with the least bit of regret.

His surprise and pleasure were as nothing to the transformation of Dan. After that he was the most pleased, gentle creature you can imagine, and he drew the new buggy along at a lively clip, with his head high and his tail in the air, so that people remarked that the old doctor had a mighty smart horse and buggy.

And who can say that Dan did not know his worth, and that he did not take the only way he knew to register his protest against being associated with old and dilapidated things?

J. ROY REAGAN,
Weaverville, N. C.



A MEMORIAL STATUE

This is an illustration of the clay model made by Mr. Bela L. Pratt of the portrait statue it is proposed to erect in Boston in memory of Dr. Hale. As Dr. Hale was so thoroughly a national character the plan is to enlist the cooperation of men and women and children from the Atlantic to the Pacific. A site on Copley square has been asked for from the city of Boston. On the front of the statue will be the following:

Edward Everett Hale
Man of Letters
Preacher of the Gospel
Prophet of Peace
Patriot

1822 1909

on either side:

Look up and not down
Look forward and not back
Look out and not in
Lend a hand

The Hon. Theodore Roosevelt is chairman of an honorary advisory committee composed of distinguished educators, statesmen and men of letters. The executive committee consists of the Hon. Curtis Guild, Jr., chairman, 41 India street, Boston; Dr. Francis H. Rowley, secretary, 45 Milk street, Boston; the Hon. Charles W. Clifford, Mr. Charles A. Coolidge, the Rev. Edward Cummings, the Rev. James DeNormandie, the Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham, Pres. Harry A. Garfield, Hon. Marcus P. Knowlton, the Hon. Herbert Parker, Mr. Wallace L. Pierce, Mr. William Howell Reed, Mr. Henry B. Sawyer, and Mr. C. Howard Walker.

Messrs. Kidder, Peabody & Co., of Boston have kindly consented to act as treasurers of the fund and will forward a certificate of subscription to each contributor.

ANIMAL NATURE

Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The livelong night: nor these alone whose notes
Nice-fingered art must emulate in vain;
But coying rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and ev'n the boding owl
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace forever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake.

COWPER.



Photograph by Esther Hale Johnson

HAYING AT SUNNY-BROOK FARM, TEMPLETON, MASS.

A TRIBUTE TO BOB FROM HIS MASTER

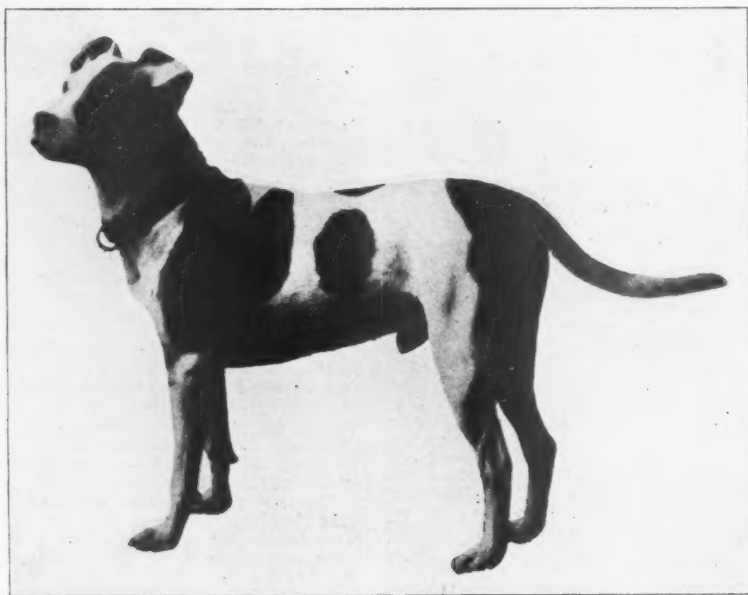


OB, whose picture is here before the reader, lived in Morgantown, West Virginia. His master was Prof. W. P. Willey of the law department of the West Virginia University. The rest is told in what follows, except the fact that Bob was poisoned by some secret enemy who was base enough to stoop to so cruel and dastardly a deed. The photograph was sent us by Prof. Willey, and the tribute we give as it appeared in *The Athenaeum*:

"Before dismissing the class I want to take a moment or two to refer to a long-time member of the law department, who has recently retired. I should have referred to it before this, but I could not trust myself. I can no longer be silent and honor his memory as it deserves.

"You all knew him, and I think you all loved him. He has met with the law class here regularly for the last four years. He is known, and his name is familiar to the hundreds who have come in and gone out over the state. His face is familiar in all of the class pictures of that time. He was my best friend.

"Bob has gone to heaven!



BOB

"You say he was but a dog. But he was more than a dog. He was of a noble character. There never was a better friend in the world—a truer, more loving friend in this world than Bob. He would have died for me.

"For four years he was at my side almost every moment in the day except when I was absent from Morgantown. He was the first person to greet me in the morning and the last to kiss me goodnight—too polite to kiss my face, he stood up and gave my ear a loving lick and went wagging off to bed. His morning greeting was not that of the ordinary dog, but as courtly and warm and graceful as any seen in a drawing-room—and more sincere. He knew that I was his friend and that he was my friend; and that tie of friendship was as surely written in his soul as any words ever written in a book.

"Yes, Bob was more than a dog. He was more intelligent than some men—more sympathetic, more appreciative, more responsive, more companionable in many ways. He was always interested in everything I did—ob-

served it closely and intelligently, and showed his satisfaction with the result.

"He knew the English language as no other dog ever did. I could talk to him with the same freedom that I would to a person. He looked me intently in the eye till he understood me perfectly. If he were lying on the rug in the parlor and the conversation turned on him he would raise his head and listen till he was satisfied. I was sitting on the pavement in the warm summer evening and Bob was begging me to take a walk with him. He persisted with much barking and tugging while I pushed him away, saying it was too warm to walk. Presently I said, with a good deal of emphasis, 'I can't go, Bob; I have no coat.' He immediately turned about, went to the house, and presently came trotting downstairs with my coat in his mouth. Then I surrendered, and we walked.

"Who that knew Bob did not recognize that he was more than a dog? Did anybody ever see a more intelligent face in any animal, man or beast? Did anybody ever see a thing of life, a more perfect, a more beautiful specimen of animal in all his parts?

"And Bob was raised a gentleman. He belonged to a distinguished family of dogs in Baltimore—the most aristocratic family, it is

frequently done, and that it was most impossible to look at the little imp and not smile.

"But I will never forget the pathetic look he gave me as he entered the door and fell at my feet. He at once had all the help that one friend could give another in an extremity. I finally took him to the parlor, turned up the fire, and said, 'Lie here on the rug, Bob.' He lay down, turned up his eyes at me, and never removed that pleading look till suddenly he arose to his feet, staggered a few steps, lay down on his side, and, with a little shudder, that beautiful creature passed to some other clime.

"With my hand on his heart, I felt the final throb. And I said 'Goodby, Bob; I do not know where you have gone, but I will look for you and search for you among the mysteries of the hereafter. It cannot be that so noble a creature is snuffed out like a candle.'

My dog! the difference between thee and me
Knows only our Creator—only He
Can number the degrees in being's scale
Between the instinctive lamp, ne'er known to fail,
And that less steady light of brighter ray,
The soul which animates thy master's clay;
And He alone can tell by what fond tie.
My look thy life—my death thy sign to die.

No! when that feeling quits thy glazing eye
'Twill live in some blest world beyond the sky.

LAMARTINE.

For Our Dumb Animals

BRUCE

Come in, come in, Sir, what a night
To venture out across the Range,
I knew the snow-gusts soon would fly
This morning when I felt the change.
And when I saw old Banner Peak
Begin to draw his night-cap on,
I hurried home to make all tight
And pull in knots to last till dawn.

You've played in luck to lose the trail
Right here in front of Cabin Jake;
There, take this chimney-corner seat,
And get some warmth to stop that shake.
I'm lonesome since my dog Bruce died,
And glad, right glad, to have you come;
My dog, said I, I meant my friend,
Companion and true-hearted chum.

Right where you sit he always sat,
It is the place of honor here,
And in my cabin's little space
The very spot I hold most dear.
I seem to see his noble head
Turned toward me as the sparks upfly,
And shining in the mellow light,
His honest, mild, inquiring eye.

I came here twenty years ago,
When life's wild tide surged hot and high,
And crowds of eager, anxious men
Made "gold, gold, gold" their rallying cry.
I rocked and panned with all the rest,
But when the towns began to grow,
I took again to my old trade,
For folks have got to law, you know.

Bruce used to go to Court with me
And gravely watch the wordy war,
Indeed, the justice once remarked,
"He'd been admitted to the bar."
They tell me creatures don't have souls,
But, partner, just 'twixt you and me,
If my dog didn't have a soul,
Then I don't know what souls can be.

And when I'm tired and lonesome here
I like to think that Bruce awaits
Impatiently, with tail a-wag,
My coming at the Golden Gates.
And at the final summing-up,
When my life record here is given,
I might have one much worse than Bruce
To special plead for me in Heaven.

MRS. M. H. BURRELL,
New York, N. Y.

VILLAGE SOUNDS

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softening from below;
The swain responsive to the milkmaid sung:
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool;
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering
wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind,—
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

GOLDSMITH.

HUMANE SAN FRANCISCO

What the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is Doing

San Francisco is a humane city. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has made it so. The recent benefit given at the Valencia Theatre was a grand testimonial and demonstration of public sympathy for the good work of the society. The playhouse was overcrowded. "The squealing of a pig," says a pamphlet issued by the society, was the impetus of the humane movement in San Francisco. The pig in question escaped from its drove early one April morning, forty-two years ago, as it was being driven along the water front to the stockyards. The animal, a boar, was pursued by two vaqueros, who overtook and lassoed it. The frantic squeals of the pig, as it was being dragged over the cobbles, with one rope attached to its hind legs and the other to its front ones, attracted the attention of Mr. J. S. Hutchinson, the present treasurer, and the only one the society has ever had, who sprang into the street, stopped the outrage, and compelled the vaqueros to place the boar on a truck and humanely restore it to its drove.

At that time there were but three similar organizations in America. Revolting cruelties, and atrocious barbarities, that today would not be endured under any circumstances, were common on every hand and were accepted as a matter of course.

Mr. Hutchinson and his little band of reformers had a hard time for many years. It was a struggle to enlist general sympathy. Only in recent years has the society been accorded the recognition and esteem of the public, or given a position in the life of the community, which, as a benevolent organization, working assiduously and conscientiously for the betterment of the commonwealth, it should have long ago held.

The society now has fine quarters at Alabama and Sixteenth streets. It has five wagons for the transportation of animals, large and small. A wagon, built for the purpose, now calls at any part of the city for sick cats or stray dogs and takes them to the Animals' Home free of charge. Improved water troughs have been erected with small basins below for dogs and smaller animals.

The board of supervisors has just given a thousand dollars to the society to aid them in their work.

San Francisco's work-horse parade, that great procession of equine toilers that on last Admission Day drew the attention of the world to our city and to its thousands of handsome, well-kept draft animals, was conceived by the society. It was the greatest horse show ever known.

The society now has a very large membership, and will make greater improvements as funds are acquired.—*New San Franciscan.*

There is a singing in the summer air,
The blue and brown moths flutter o'er the grass,
The stubble bird is creaking in the wheat,
And perched upon the honeysuckle hedge
Pipes the green linnet. Oh! the golden world!
The stir of life on every blade of grass,
The motion and the joy on every bough, . . .

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

For Our Dumb Animals THE HOMESICK COLLIE



EMERSON said, "In dealing with children as much soul as you have avails." This is true in treating with domestic animals, especially dogs. Here is an example which tells me so.

I saw a traveler at a railroad station leading a beautiful Scotch collie with a chain around its neck. He told me that the dog was eleven months of age, was born and raised on a farm in southern Indiana, and that he had bought it and was taking it to eastern Pennsylvania.

"But," said he, "I am worried about him. We have been on the road a day and night and I can't make him eat."

He bought at the lunch-counter a few slices of bread with milk poured over them and took them on a wooden picnic plate outside to see if he could coax "John" to eat. But the dog turned his head away and looked wistfully out of the station shed down the shining steel rails. Then it was that I thought of Emerson's remark, and I asked if I could try to induce the animal to eat. The privilege was granted, and I squatted and called,

"John, come here, I want to talk to you." John came over and laid his head up near my face, and I said,

"Poor boy! I know your trouble. You are so homesick. You want to see the cows and the children, don't you?"

He put his head on one side and seemed to be drinking in every word. His eyes were deep and soulful.

"I know just how you feel, for there have been times when I wanted to see the cows, the green fields, and the children. And then the sights and sounds are all so strange to you, John. You feel as queer and lost as a child would who had been taken away from home, don't you? But, dear, you must eat, for you have a long, long journey before you. Come on over there with me and I'll feed you."

And so he followed me and ate the whole supper from my hands. As I looked up I saw there were men around us with tears on their faces.

EDGAR ILIFF,

Richmond, Ind.

A LEVEL-HEADED DOG

We often hear about a man "making a beast of himself" with strong drink; but while a man debased by drink says "when I awake I will seek it again," with a beast usually one drink is enough.

"When I was a teacher in Kilmalum parish," says John Fraser, "I was using whiskey bitters for my stomach's sake. One day I dipped a piece of cake in it and gave it to the dog. He grudgingly ate it, curling his lip to avoid the taste. Ere long he became tipsy—he howled most piteously, and naturally looked up in my face as if for help. He began to stagger and fall like a drunken man. The appearance of his face and eyes was extraordinary! He lay on the floor and howled until the effects of the drink wore off."

"This was supreme folly—it was wicked. The dog never forgot the trick. Whenever afterward I went to the press for the bottle, he hastened to the outside of the house. One day, the door being shut, he sprang at one bolt through the window to get outside. So much for the wisdom of the dog—ininitely surpassing foolish drinking men."

VACATIONS FOR HORSES

Every summer all the horses employed in the post-office department at Washington are sent to the government pastures of Maryland. A change to the rich, tonic grasses of the country and the opportunity to repose in the shade of the stately trees is not only appreciated by the horses, but greatly adds to their efficiency.

BOBBY

The picture accompanying this brief notice is of a remarkable little dog that lived to the extreme old age of twenty. His father and mother came from the island of Malta, and he was raised and owned by one of the members of our Society, Mrs. Nettie McConnell. His friends were many. In the "Nabobs" he was a familiar figure on the stage. From this play he had his name, "Nabob," short-



BOBBY

tened into "Bobby." So long and intimate had been the friendship between him and his mistress that a short funeral service was held at his death to which some who had known him came even from as far as New York to Plymouth, Massachusetts, the summer home of Mrs. McConnell. A modest headstone marks the place where he is buried. Some we know will smile as they read this. Not those, however, who have lost the companionship of such a friend.

NEWFOUNDLAND DOGS

Editor *Our Dumb Animals*:

I enclose a clipping from a local newspaper, which may interest your readers. It describes the sagacious behavior of a dog, recently, at Placentia Bay on the southern coast of Newfoundland.

At Long Harbor, P. B., a few days ago a new dory owned by a man named Norman, went adrift and was rapidly being driven out the harbor, when a Newfoundland dog owned by him took in the situation and without his master's bidding jumped into the water and swam rapidly after the receding boat from which a painter floated. Seizing this in his mouth the sagacious dog (a powerful animal) towed the boat back to his master who was delighted to recover his property.

The so-called Newfoundland dog commonly seen in this country nowadays, is not the dog immortalized by Landseer, but a smaller, though equally powerful animal, with smooth, short hair. He is most intelligent, and good natured, and is a splendid water-dog.

ARMINE N. GOSLING,
St. John's, Newfoundland.

When a dog comes up to you wagging his tail, he is trying to make you understand that he takes you for a gentleman and a friend. Don't abuse his confidence with a kick. He has paid you a great compliment and has a right to expect courtesy in return.

For Our Dumb Animals by CLARA IMOGENE CHENEY

SUMMER STUDIES IN SQUIRRELDOM

Facts Observed and Annotated at Centerville, Cape Cod. III. Gray Squirrels

These squirrels are not natives of Cape Cod, but were presented to the woodland life of Centerville by a summer resident of this village, who purchased these pretty creatures at the "Sportsman's Show" in Boston a few seasons ago. They are exceedingly shy as yet. Only twice have I seen a gray in the Inn; the first time there was an encounter with Crackerjack, who came up later to find "Gray" already installed, and who held the fort, as the decree, "Possession is nine points of the law," holds good even in woodcraft.

Usually when they meet on terra firma, Crackerjack drives Gray. A favorite tree of Gray's is a white oak at the end of the piazza, where he comes daily for acorns as they ripen. One day when he was among the topmost boughs, and busily engaged in dropping down acorns to be carried later to his home, Crackerjack crept under this tree and very slyly gathered these acorns, burying them in the pine needles at the base of the tree. Then he stealthily climbed up and attacked Gray, who was taken completely by surprise. While the battle was fiercely raging in the tree-tops, there suddenly appeared a little chipmunk, who, believing the adage that "All's fair in love and war," dug up Crackerjack's acorns from the pine needles, and carried them to his own warehouse.

We observe the especially shy traits of these grays, their manner of creeping along the pine-needle road, keeping well in, and following the shadowy motions of the tree branches thrown by the sunlight across the road, not coming into bright, clear sunlight, if possible to avoid it. When seen on the tree trunks, these squirrels flatten out close to the bark, "freeze," and remain motionless for a long time, or until no one is in sight. I searched for one and should not have discovered him, although he was just above my head, but the breeze stirred his beautiful, fluffy, silver tail, and betrayed his presence. The grays have built nests in our woods, and occasionally squirrels will restore a crow's abandoned nest and inhabit it.

The flying squirrel is quite rare in New England. He is gray in color, a black line surrounds the orbit of each eye, and the length of the squirrel is fully five inches long, with a tail of five inches additional. This variety inhabits woods, and the night is their time for activity. They feed on nuts, young shoots of trees, and also on young birds, it is said.

One of these had a home the first summer under the eaves of the roof, and was driven forth by the man who was painting the house. We had an excellent opportunity of seeing the squirrel fly to a neighboring tree quite a distance away from the roof. We have not seen him since.

August 11, 1907. This summer has brought about great changes in the whole squirrel kingdom, the big Grays asserting themselves and driving all Squirreldom before them. Two females, named "Silvertail" and "Blackie," are especially tame and great pets with us all. Silvertail takes nuts from the Doctor's coat pockets in a leisurely manner, and permits her fur to be stroked when eating nuts from one's fingers, and will come to my calling. Blackie is not so tame. She is younger, we think, than Silvertail, and enjoys most having the nuts thrown to her from the piazza, when she will run along under the flying nut, and catch it as it falls to the ground. She is ever on the watch, sitting up on her haunches waiting for the nuts to be thrown. She also comes to my call.

June 26, 1908. Silvertail and Blackie made themselves known, after having lived through the winter in our woods near the dwelling. They proved their remembrance of the family by coming in the usual manner for their food as in the past summer. They have grown handsome, increased in flesh, and are very lovable pets.

July 20. Silvertail came in company with two young ones, who also picked up the nuts I threw to them. It is interesting to see Silvertail perform her toilet. She perches herself on the piazza post, resting entirely on her hind feet, and puts each paw back of her ears, bringing the paws over the ears and head at the same time and with the same movement, the paws meeting at the end of her nose. This act is repeated several times; then she carefully strokes with a fore paw the opposite shoulder down to the claws, reverses, and goes through this same operation with the other fore paw and shoulder; smooths down her breast with both paws, and completes the finish by bringing her long, handsome tail between her fore paws, combing out the snarls with teeth and claws.

Silvertail is a fine subject for photography, as she doesn't mind snapshots in the least.



"SILVERTAIL"

Photograph by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach

SAVED BY HIS SONG

It was getting near the gloaming,
As toward the westering sun
In the woodland I went roaming,
With my powder-horn and gun.

Now my gun was double-barreled,
Loaded with the murd'rous lead
And a red-bird sat and carolled
On a bough above my head.

There he sat, and sang, and reveled
In the light of heaven so blest;
But my cruel piece was leveled
At the gentle songster's breast.

Yet he still was fain to linger
On that leafy bough and sing;
But my heart forbade my finger
To impress the fatal spring.

"No, I'll not attempt thy capture,
Nor destroy thy tuneful breath;
Better far thy song of rapture
Than the silent hush of death!"

So my weapon downward bringing,
On my homeward road I sped;
And I left the red-bird singing
On the bough above my head.

JOHN FRANKLIN.

BE KIND TO THE TOAD

A pamphlet recently issued by Secretary Wilson of the department of agriculture pays a glowing tribute to the toad. According to this high authority, few creatures of its size have suffered more from false witnesses. It is not true that it causes warts, poisons infants or spoils cows' milk. On the contrary, it has an amiable disposition, a good singing voice—for those who like that sort of thing—and above all, most commendable industry.

An able-bodied toad eats \$19.44 (wholesale rates) worth of injurious worms and insects every season. It is a most efficient ultimate consumer, and it likes best those things which the farmer likes least. It is homeloving and very fond of children—its own children. No farmer or suburbanite should try to get along without a couple of good toads.—*Success Magazine*.

LIFTING CATS AND RABBITS

It is a mistaken idea that the proper way to lift a full grown cat is by the nape of its neck without supporting the lower part of its body with the other hand. It is true that the mother cat carries young kittens by grasping in her mouth the loose skin at the back of her offspring's neck, but a tiny kitten is a very different matter from a large cat, and, indeed, the only way to lift a kitten without squeezing or hurting its soft little body is to lift it by its neck. But after it has grown larger its own weight is too great to be supported by such a bit of skin and fur as is so grasped by the hand, and many a cat suffers perfect tortures by being held in this manner and is quite helpless to run or struggle, as in such a position certain of its muscles cannot be controlled, and it is absolutely at the mercy of its unfeeling tormentor.

The same rule should be observed in lifting rabbits by their ears. They should always be partially supported by the free hand and not allowed to dangle with their whole weight straining from their large but necessarily delicate ears.—*Watchword*.

KINDNESS ON THE FARM

Kindness ought to be the rule with all farm animals. Not simply for the reason that it makes the animals bad to be treated wrong, but because no person can do that and not himself be made a little worse than he was. Character is made up of little acts. Kindness builds a good, clean, strong, true life. And surely that is what our boys and girls are most anxious to have.—*Rural Life*.

For Our Dumb Animals

THE SPARROW

Poor little sparrow, can it be
We wish you sent to Coventry?
If all is true that I have heard,
I fear you are a naughty bird.

But I am touched by your disgrace,
And shall be glad if I can trace
Some virtue that will compensate
For your unenviable estate.

You homely little ball of brown,
Why should we on your nature frown?
If like the wren you cannot be,
The phoebe-bird or chickadee,

The robin or the bobolink,
You're not to blame for this, I think:
They simply act their nature out,
And you are doing this no doubt.

When other birds have flown away,
You little sparrows always stay;
Then as you chirp out in the cold,
No one complains you are too bold.

Ah, little bird, of adverse fame,
The Holy Book records your name,
And shall we deem your value small,
When the All-Father notes your fall?

We know He loves the birds of song,
And all the brilliant feathered throng,
But as you are of low degree,
God mentions you especially.

RUTH ADAMS,

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

PIGEONS OF PALESTINE

One of the commonest sights in the land of Palestine is the pigeon, observes a writer in the *American Messenger*. Every house in Palestine, except perhaps the very poorest, has its pigeons. The better class of people keep their pigeons in a dove-cote made of mud or brick, roofed over to keep out the rain. In such a dove-cote are put wide-mouthed earthen pots, which serve as nesting-places. The poorer class of people have smaller dove-cotes, while a very poor man will keep the pigeons right in his own home, letting the birds fly in and out through the door of the house.

Pigeons also make their homes in large numbers in the rocks and clefts of the hillsides in Palestine. One of the most remarkable places near the Sea of Galilee is called the Valley of Pigeons, because such large numbers of these birds are there found.

The Bible often refers to pigeons, and speaks very often of doves, which belong to the pigeon family. The turtle dove is mentioned more than fifty times in the Scriptures. The coming of the turtle dove was one of the signs of the springtime, and we may well imagine the joy of the people when this bird made its annual appearance.

BOY RESCUES ROBIN

Several hundred people stood for half an hour in the rain on Boston Common one afternoon recently watching George Pinhero, age 14, of Everett, rescue a robin.

The bird had become entangled in a thick cord hanging from a high branch of an elm on the Park street walk leading to the State House. Its struggles served only to entangle it more securely.

George Pinhero scaled the tree, though the rain had made the bark like a greased pole. He got a start up the trunk by piling benches, until he could get a good hold. When he released the bird, it flew a few feet, only to fall to the ground exhausted.

Meanwhile, the boy slid down the trunk until he could be reached by the crowd. He was lifted down and a collection taken up for him.

If there were no birds man could not live on the earth, and birds are decreasing in this country.

PROTECTION OF BIRDS

The State Grange of Massachusetts has sent out letters urging more protection for the native birds. It points out the far-reaching economic importance of such a course and suggests practical ways by which the bird population may be increased in this state as it has been in other sections.

When we remember that hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent to suppress the gypsy and brown-tail moths and that taxation for this purpose is growing steadily with little decrease of insect life, it is well to note that there are about fifty species of wild birds which feed upon the moths and regularly destroy a vast amount of their larvæ.

As the birds are the only effectual check upon destructive insects, how necessary that their numbers should be kept equal to emergencies!

The movement to increase the birds, to be successful, must have the aid of the children. A protective association for the birds, made up of the boys and girls, would accomplish more than any other agency. Little urging is required to interest children in birds, for this is the most popular branch of nature study with them.

HOW TO SAVE THE BIRDS

The actions of mankind are the greatest cause for the decrease of the birds. Direct or deliberate killing has been lessened and largely prohibited. The failure to provide must be overcome. If the following directions are observed, colonies of the useful feathered residents will soon establish themselves:

1. Do not shoot them or permit them to be stoned or frightened.
2. Erect nesting boxes. In these, ten or more species may nest.
3. Prohibit unusual noise around the premises during the nesting season, particularly while birds are selecting sites for nests.
4. Provide nesting material for use in constructing nests.
5. Put out trays of water and mud for robins, swallows, etc., to use in building.
6. Erect and preserve old posts, stumps and logs with holes in them.
7. Suppress prowling cats and dogs.

MINSTRELS OF THE MORNING

The morning chorus of the spring is a wonderful performance, and the only price of admission is early waking. With the first glint of daylight in the east here and there a faint chirp will break upon the ear as some sleeping bird awakes; then as each performer tunes his pipe, little trills and bits of song are heard. These increase in number and variety, until with the coming of full day the air is filled with melody. This continues for an hour or more; then one by one the singers drop out for breakfast and household duties, and during the day only fragments of song are heard.

Again, as evening comes on, the dainty minstrels express their gratitude for the blessings of the happy day, and the evening chorus almost rivals in variety and excellence that of the morning. It continues until the shades of night are drawn, when each faithful chorister, seeking a secluded nook near his nest, tucks his head under his wing, and sleeps till a new morn flushes the east again, for "early to bed and early to rise" is the rule in bird land.

From "Birds Through the Year" by
ALBERT FIELD GILMORE.

O blackbird! sing me something well:

While all the neighbours shoot thee round,
I keep smooth plats of fruitful ground,
Where thou may'st warble, eat and dwell.

The espaliers and the standards all
Are thine! the range of lawn and park:
The unnetted black-hearts ripen dark,
All thine, against the garden wall.

TENNYSON: *The Blackbird*.

FEATHERED FRIENDS



Courtesy of Country Life in America.

KINGFISHER

The only implement the kingfisher needs in procuring its food, is a large and powerful bill. With this it seizes its prey, whether it is a slippery fish in water or an insect on land.



Downy Woodpecker attracted by suet.
"Every one ought to feed the birds" (p. 98).

From "The Sport of Bird Study," by Herbert K. Job.
Outing Publishing Co., New York.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Founded by GEO. T. ANGELL in 1868

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
Boston, August, 1910ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor, 45 Milk Street.TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION are given on the last
page. All who send subscriptions or remittances are
respectfully asked to examine our report of receipts,
which is published each month, and if they do not find
the sums they have sent properly credited, to kindly
notify us.AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are
wanted everywhere, but they should first apply for proper
authorization, sending us letters of commendation from
clergymen or other leading citizens. Liberal commis-
sions will be given.TEACHERS may receive the paper for one year at
the special price of twenty-five cents.BACK NUMBERS of *Our Dumb Animals* for gratui-
tous distribution only, are for sale in small or large
quantities at greatly reduced prices. They are specially
adapted for distribution at fairs and exhibits of all kinds.Our *American Humane Education Society*
sends this paper this month to the editors
of the twenty-two thousand, five hundred
newspapers and magazines published on this
continent north of Mexico.

THE OTHER SIDE

It's the other side of the dog we mean. The inside, if you please, rather than the outside. It's the side seen by his friends who forget his external appearance, the color of his coat, the lines that tell of pedigree and breeding. To them he is a living thing that loves and answers to those who love him with a devotion and a fidelity that make friendship possible. "Exterminate them!" say some—"all the mongrel curs that never ought to have been born. If you are going to have dogs let them be the aristocrats of dogdom whose lineage you can trace." Why bless your heart, you who have only known dogs of "high degree," some of the noblest of the canine race have sprung from parents as lowly as want and poverty and lack of fame could make them. There are "curs" on our streets that you could trust for their good temper, their loyalty and unselfishness to an extent that would make a multitude of your human kind seem like savages beside them.

It is this side of the dog that makes him a humanizing force in many a home, interesting children in all animals, teaching them to be kind and merciful. Thousands among the poor love as sincerely their low-born four-footed friends as the rich their blue-blooded prize-takers. Not a few make very real sacrifices, year by year, to pay the necessary license tax. The physician whose name appears below has seen this other side of the dog, and knows what he means to the daily life of many a family too poor to buy him a collar and the right to live:

Dr. O. L. Mahoney, of Phoenix, Arizona, has undertaken to provide collars and license tags for every canine impounded by Phoenix dog-catchers. He paid into the city treasury the other day \$100 for fifty tags and purchased as many collars, which were adjusted to the dog-catcher's first day's round-up. It is estimated by Chief of Police Moore that the physician's love of dogs will cost him \$2,000. Dr. Mahoney is wealthy and declares he can spend his money in few ways that will offer him more pleasure.

F. H. R.

ANIMALS IN FICTION

In his recent popular novel, "A Modern Chronicle," Mr. Winston Churchill introduces two sentences in his description of "Uncle Tom" Leffingwell, which read: "Nay, it seemed to Honora that the very animals knew him, and offered themselves ingratiatingly to be stroked by one whom they recognized as a friend. Jaded horses in the street lifted their noses; stray, homeless cats rubbed against his legs, and vagrant dogs looked up at him trustfully with wagging tails."

THE PEACE IDEA

It matters little whether you are a peace man, or, at heart, on the side of the most avowed militarism, you cannot deny the statement that this peace idea is the greatest "moral issue now confronting this as well as other nations of the earth." If Victor Hugo was right when he wrote, "Peace is the virtue, and war the crime of civilization;" if one-half the things said about war even by warriors themselves are true, then nothing morally and spiritually concerns civilization more vitally today than this movement in the interests of universal peace.

The progress of this peace idea during the last ten years has made even the prophecies of its most daring champions of a decade ago seem mild and timid. When Edward Everett Hale said, at a Lake Mohonk Conference, in the late nineties, that we ought to have an international parliament for the arbitration of the quarrels of nations, his best friends called him a dreamer. Twice since then a great parliament, occupied with this very "dream," has met at The Hague, with twenty-six nations represented in the first, and forty-four in the second.

This progress is hard to realize because you cannot see this onswEEPing tide of thought and feeling moving across the field of vision as you can see navies steaming around the world, and armies that shake the earth with their measured tread. But things that come not with observation are still among the mightiest forces that transform the civilizations of men.

It was our own honored Secretary Root who said at the laying of the foundation stone of the Bureau of American Republics, "it is one of the many valid objections to the policy of armament that every increase in moral and military power is in the nature of a challenge to other powers, which arouses their jealousy and their fears, rendering them less disposed to settle peaceably any difference that may arise."

Can anything be more the part of wisdom, of common sense, of patriotism, even of unadulterated self-interest, than the endeavor, unceasing and united, of the whole American people to hasten the day when nations shall pledge themselves to settle all international disputes by arbitration, so putting an end to the necessity of wasting these enormous sums of the people's money that could then be set free for many a high and beneficent purpose?

F. H. R.

HUMANE WORK IN TURKEY

Through the efforts of Mrs. G. L. Manning of Robert College, Constantinople, a movement is under way for the promotion of humane education in Turkey, with a view to an organization for the prevention of cruelty to animals in that country. Our American Humane Education Society is cooperating in this work by sending copies of "Black Beauty," "Our Gold Mine at Hollyhurst," and several humane leaflets, to be distributed among all the three hundred English schools in the sultan's domain. Several of our books and pamphlets already are being translated into Turkish, Armenian, and Greek, for circulation among the natives who cannot read English.

So enthusiastic are Mrs. Manning and her colleagues in this enterprise, that our Society has offered to donate to this cause \$150 worth of its publications. This and other demands for help are crowding upon us, and we hope to meet them all, discriminatingly but generously. To do so, we need liberal support from those whose hearts are in the work and whose means warrant their giving freely. Probably no country today is more in need of active organization for the relief of suffering animals than is Turkey. Who will share in helping us to spread heart culture in that land where the signs of a new intellectual awakening are unmistakable?

A HEALTH DEPARTMENT

Could anything be more reasonable than the attempt of the Committee of One Hundred to secure, by the proper legislation, the consolidation of the agencies of public health at Washington into one efficient department or bureau? What can be behind the bitter opposition to such a movement as this which is supported by men like President Eliot, Felix Adler, C. Loring Brace, and by women like Jane Addams and Mrs. Ballington Booth, by President Taft, and by the great body of reputable physicians throughout the land! The object of such a department would not be to regulate the practice of medicine, but to prevent the spread of disease by preventing the pollution of streams, by striking at the adulteration of foods, by investigating health conditions and disseminating information. Suppose the Government should come to appropriate a million dollars for caring for the health of men and women and children for every hundred thousand it spends to protect the health of hogs and cattle, who would find fault? Help on this endeavor by your own personal influence!

F. H. R.

OF ONE BLOOD

Literally, absolutely of one blood did He make us, whatever our race, Caucasian, Mongolian, or Negro. No microscope has yet been made, no chemic test has yet been found, that can tell whether this given drop of blood came from the white man or the black man, from the red man or the yellow. It is human blood. "One hundred and twenty-eight black," said the court. Her great-great-grandfather on her father's side married an octoroon. The rest of her forebears on that side and all her ancestors on her mother's side have been white. Therefore was she turned out of the Sunday school of a so-called Christian church, then out of the public school for white children, and from the decision there is no appeal. Call this bitter, inhuman race prejudice by what term you will, only, in Heaven's name, let it not find any justification by sheltering its hateful head within the pale of Christianity. No man who has ever discovered how deep and wide ran the mighty current of love for men, irrespective of their race or color, in the soul of the world's Redeemer and Lord, can imagine for a moment that He would draw these petty severing lines between the children of the one eternal Father. Oh, the mockery of religion that, bearing this sacred Name, is from beneath and not from above! Was it for such deeds as this our fathers gave their lives fifty years ago?

"For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that."

F. H. R.

OUR PAPER IN GERMANY

One of our friends, not satisfied merely with being a good grandfather to his grandchildren at home, also sends *Our Dumb Animals* to a little girl in Breslau, Germany, who is learning English. This is the way she expresses her appreciation, under date of June 5, 1910:

"Finally I will thank you for your tidings-papers that you are so kind to send me so often. Charlotte has a very nice grandfather. I am always quite glad of getting them; they contain so many pretty things which I am fond of reading. You make me such a great pleasure and I do not know how to thank you. Excuse me for having made surely many mistakes."

A GENEROUS ORDER

During the past few weeks one of our members has paid for 5,000 copies of the *Horse's Prayer* and 2,500 copies of "Black Beauty" for her own distribution.



Offices, 45 Milk Street, Boston

Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated, March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President;
HON. HENRY B. HILL, Treasurer;
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor;
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E. S. VAN STEENBERGH.
EDGAR F. COMEE, Night Agent.

Correspondence is solicited from any part of Massachusetts direct to the central office, 45 Milk Street, Boston, but it is essential that particulars be given accurately, with names, addresses or team numbers of offending drivers or owners.

The Society has local agents in practically each city and town in the state, but maintains district agents with headquarters as follows:

Where to Report Complaints

Berkshire, Hampden and Hampshire Counties—DEXTER A. ATKINS, Springfield, 31 Elm Street, Room 327. Tel. 828-11.

Franklin and Worcester Counties—ROBERT L. DYSON, Worcester, 314 Main Street. Tel. 2494.

Dukes, Nantucket, Barnstable and Bristol Counties—HENRY A. PERRY, Mansfield. Tel. 153.

Plymouth, Norfolk, Middlesex, Essex and Suffolk Counties—Cases are attended to by agents of the Society having their headquarters at the central office, 45 Milk Street, Boston. Tel. Fort Hill 2640. Night, Sunday, and holiday calls always answered.

Ambulance Always Ready

Someone is on duty at the main office at every hour of the day and night, including Sundays and holidays, and the ambulance for sick or disabled horses can always be had by calling Richmond 572; or our Massachusetts Society, Fort Hill 2640.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges for its use, but in emergency cases, where they are unable to do so the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society, but only upon an owner's order, or upon that of a police officer or Society agent.

REWARD OF \$50

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals hereby offers a reward of fifty dollars for information that will result in the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who poisoned the St. Bernard dog, belonging to Mrs. S. E. Morse of Boston, at Green Harbor, Mass., on the night of July 11. The animal was valued at \$1500.

OUR MONTH'S RECORD

Animals examined	4028
Number of prosecutions	16
Number of convictions	16
Horses taken from work	107
Horses humanely killed	82

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals received during the month, \$100 from Mrs. Ernestine M. Kettle, \$77.50 from C. G. Andrews and J. M. Linscott, and \$50 "in memory of James Freeman Clarke who believed that animals have souls." The Society has been remembered in a bequest of \$1000 by the late Miss Mary Ann Borden of Fall River.

The American Humane Education Society has received \$100 from "Mrs. C. T." and \$25 from Miss Sarah J. Eddy.

Boston, July 20, 1910.

FUND NEARING \$40,000

Receipts for Angell Memorial Building from April 27 to July 11

Previously acknowledged	\$37,378.08
Increase of Samuel E. Sawyer fund	400.00
Mrs. Geo. E. Saunders, Cambridge, Mass.	1.00
Mrs. Mary E. J. Evans, Springfield, Ohio	.35
Rhodes & Ripley Clothing Co., Boston, Mass.	20.00
"T. W. A.," Dorchester, Mass.	20.00
Miss Eva M. Carter, Tonganoxie, Kans.	1.00
Mrs. Sarah F. Searle, Northboro, Mass.	5.00
Mrs. Arthur W. West, Salem, Mass.	5.00
"In Memory of Gowen," Dedham, Mass.	10.00
W. F. Kimball, Brookline, Mass.	5.00
Mrs. Geo. Ironside, Boston, Mass.	1.00
Rev. Geo. S. Fiske, East Boston, Mass.	25.00
Chas. A. Kidder, Boston, Mass.	25.00
The Misses Loring, Boston, Mass.	25.00
Mrs. Alfred H. Hersey, Boston, Mass.	5.00
Mr. & Mrs. Alex. S. Porter, Jr., Boston, Mass.	25.00
Wm. Stanley Parker, Boston, Mass.	10.00
"C. H. T.," Boston, Mass.	25.00
Wm. L. Robinson, Mansfield, Mass.	10.00
Miss Julia E. Kenney, Manchaug, Mass.	.25
Miss Addie F. Pierce, Boston, Mass.	5.00
Mrs. C. J. Underwood, Boston, Mass.	5.00
Miss Alice P. Tapley, Boston, Mass.	10.00
Mrs. Alice C. Beckwith, Boston, Mass.	3.00
Wm. R. Stocking, Williamstown, Mass.	1.00
Mrs. Ellen M. Blodgett, Orange, Mass.	1.00
Mrs. Ellen E. Simonds, Fitchburg, Mass.	5.00
S. Ingersoll Briant, Westboro, Mass.	1.00
Mrs. Walter Yates, West Manchester, Mass.	2.00
Mrs. S. A. Harlow, Grafton, Mass.	1.00
Fairfield E. Raymond, Boston, Mass.	2.00
Mrs. Henry Allison, Fitchburg, Mass.	5.00
Mrs. Emma C. Titus, Orange, N. J.	2.00
Total	\$38,039.68

47,725 HORSES WATERED

That the teamsters of Boston and Cambridge fully appreciate the work of our Massachusetts S. P. C. A. in establishing summer watering places for horses where there are no fountains available, is shown by the fact that no less than 47,725 animals benefited by this service up to July 15. We now have nine different stations in Boston, from which 32,199 horses have been relieved of thirst; and six stations in Cambridge where water has been given to 15,526 horses. Our special thanks are due to the Wilder Industries Incorporated, Adams square; A. Grimes, 176 Atlantic avenue; and Simon Miller, 162 Dorchester avenue, Boston, for their gratuitous services in caring for the water pails used at the stations in their vicinity.

MASSACHUSETTS LAWS

"Massachusetts Laws Relating to Dumb Animals," is the title of a recent publication of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. This pamphlet has been carefully compiled by Mr. Henry C. Merwin, one of our directors, from the Revised Laws of 1902, with such additions as have been made by the legislatures of subsequent years, down to and including 1910. A list of all the Massachusetts societies for the protection and care of dumb animals is included, also the names of the prosecuting agents of the M. S. P. C. A.

HUMANE MOTORMAN

Somerville, Mass., July 11, 1910.
Editor *Our Dumb Animals*:

Please record if convenient in your August issue the following:

I was recently riding to the city one morning, and as the car of the Boston Elevated on which I was a passenger was passing through Charles street, between Boston Common and the Public Garden, a gray squirrel was seen to cross the track, and but for the humanity of the motorman, who perceptibly slackened speed, the little animal would certainly have been killed. His number was 6417, so we trust the recording angel will put down one mark in his favor. I could not refrain from making a note of this. "SPRING HILL."

For Our Dumb Animals

PRAISEWORTHY PHILANTHROPY

There are those who give millions of the wealth that has come into their possession to endow great institutions of learning. There are others who give in such a way as to benefit all classes: "the stranger that is within their gates," even the cats, dogs and birds are sharers in their bounty. Let us present a truthful, if imperfect, picture of this kind of benevolence—the kind that does not conduce to pauperism.

It was in Court square, city of Fall River, that our attention was arrested by a drinking fountain which is the gift of a true philanthropist.

Here is a square granite fountain of generous proportions surmounted by a polished shaft and this, when we saw it, was crowned with a gas lamp. Water is drawn on two sides and the surplus flows from one cleft to another until it reaches nearly the level of the ground. In this rough rock work the artist has very faithfully imitated nature. These cleft basins are for dogs, cats and birds. The water is cooled by ice furnished by the city.

On the side facing the sidewalk this invitation and advice is engraved: "Citizens and strangers drink freely of this cooling stream; it will promote temperance, faith, hope and charity. The records of 1882 will delight antiquarians." On the reverse side: "Presented to the citizens and mill operatives by Henry C. Cogswell, D.D.S., of San Francisco who, in 1883, as a factory boy marched to the music of the bell." Also at the base on these two sides, in large letters, "Welcome."

While we lingered near it numbers of dogs and two cats came and drank.

This fountain not only quenches thirst but it also refreshes the thirsty spirit. It was one of the most blessed spots in all our travels. Lovers of humanity and of our feathered and hairy relatives, if you have the means, go and do likewise!

There's a broad field waiting for you and "the field is the world."

J. W. WAITE,

South Hadley, Mass.

THE DIARY OF A HORSE

I had a happy colt-hood. I was born on a farm and had the free run of a beautiful pasture all alone with my mother, who was called the handsomest and swiftest horse on the prairie. It was her boast that she never wore a harness in her life. But she was a worker though. Our master, whom I was early taught by my mother to love, always rode his Kentucky thoroughbred (my mother) instead of driving, and it was on one of these occasions that my swift-footed parent won our owner's life-long love.

The youngest child of the family, little Josephine, was taken seriously ill one dark and stormy night, and Princess—that was my mother's name—was aroused from a deep slumber, saddled and bridled, and almost before she realized it was carrying her excited master to the village. She afterward told me she saw only the dim outline of the road, but felt the sympathetic touch of the hand she knew so well and sped all the faster, though the road was very slippery from recent rain, and but for her wonderful nerve and accuracy of step, horse and rider might that night have been the cause of more than one tragedy.

The journey was completed without accident, the doctor summoned, and the life of the sweetest little maid who ever lived on the prairie was saved by the faithfulness and nobility of my own revered mother.

After this our owner always said that Princess should never leave the old home, and she never did.—Evansville (Wis.) *Review*.

"Now children, what is this?" asked the teacher, holding up the picture of a zebra. "It looks to me like a horse in a bathing suit," answered a little boy.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1889

The executive officers of the American Humane Education Society are the same as those of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, whose names are printed on the preceding page.

For rates of membership in both our Societies and for prices of literature, see last page. Checks should be made payable to Hon. Henry B. Hill, Treasurer.

TRAVELING HUMANE LIBRARIES

One of the results of the activity of the national humane committee of our Society has been the purchase of twenty-five traveling humane libraries, containing thirty titles each, which are to be loaned by our American Humane Education Society, free of expense, to deserving institutions which are unable to purchase books of this kind. These libraries have been compiled at a cost to us of several hundred dollars, and they afford an excellent opportunity to those interested to circulate good reading. Each library is packed in a box made for the purpose, painted and lettered. Friends specially interested in this work are invited to cooperate with us by donating funds sufficient to enable us to respond to all the requests which we expect will be received upon this announcement. Applications for full particulars as to loans of the books should be addressed to President Rowley at 45 Milk street, Boston. The titles are as follows:

Voices for the Speechless, Firth
Friends and Helpers, Eddy
Heidi, Spyri
Moni the Goat Boy, Spyri
John of the Woods, Brown
The Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts, Brown
Among the Farmyard People, Pierson
Wild Animals I Have Known, Seton
Little Brother to the Bear, Long
Horses Nine, Ford
Bird World, Stickney-Hoffman
Concerning Cats, Winslow
The Cats' Convention, Allyn
Bob Son of Battle, Ollivant
Rab and His Friends, Brown
A Dog of Flanders, Ouida
Jonathan and David, Phelps
The Captain's Dog, Enault
Stories of Brave Dogs, Carter
A Boy I Knew, Four Dogs, and Some More Dogs, Hutton
Dogs of All Nations, Miller
Beautiful Joe, Saunders
Dogs and Men, Merwin
Every Living Creature, Trine
For Pity's Sake, Carter
Black Beauty, Sewell
Our Gold Mine at Hollyhurst
The Strike at Shane's
Autobiographical Sketches, Angell
"Our Dumb Animals," Vol. XLII.

AT THE TEACHERS' CONVENTION

During the July convention of the National Education Association, held in Boston, our Societies had an exhibit in the Old Art Museum at which we gave away more than one thousand copies of "Black Beauty" and many thousands of copies of *Our Dumb Animals* and various humane leaflets. A sample traveling library attracted much attention.

For Our Dumb Animals by MARY CRAIG YARROW

HOW I USE THE BOOKS AND LEAFLETS OF THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

My first idea was to give "Black Beauty" to as many men as possible who had anything to do with horses. In each book I placed the pathetic and beautiful Horse's Prayer, Simon Grub's Dream, a Bird leaflet and a Band of Mercy card, always hoping that the latter would fall into the hands of a child who might thus be led to become a member. Around "Black Beauty" with these enclosures, I place a rubber band, so that nothing will be lost. I keep a number of them in a convenient place where they can be gotten at quickly, and given to drivers delivering goods, boys with packages, men driving cattle through the streets, etc.

Among these I have often found bright, interested workers who have gladly circulated the books among other drivers, and have tacked up the Horse's Prayer in their wagons and stables. I am having the latter put up wherever I can—offices, stores, blacksmiths' shops, stables, and in fact any place where it will be seen and read, and expect to have some put into small neat frames, so that they will be more lasting. I often leave it, and other leaflets in cars and have seen them read and put into men's pockets. I also have the Horse's Prayer in my kitchen, where it is a constant reminder to men calling for orders, to be kind to their horses.

Books May Be Left in Stores

When shopping or calling, it is easy to interest persons if one has some humane literature. After making a purchase in a store I ask if there is anyone there fond of animals, as I would like to leave a book, and in that way have found splendid helpers, one of whom carried a large package to the country where humane work was not known. There are so many animals of all kinds in the country that I was delighted with this. The maids of my friends are always pleased with a gift of this kind, and are sure to know someone who drives a wagon, to whom it can be passed on. In my maid and her son I have two enthusiastic workers, and through them have reached two parochial schools, a boys' club, a reading room, and many drivers.

A kind-hearted neighbor who saw "Black Beauty" being given away at my door, came over to inquire about it, being very fond of animals. I gave her some of all the material I had, which, her little daughter said, she sat up until 1 A. M. to read, and this was the means of bringing nineteen children into the Band of Mercy. As I cannot gather these children together and teach them, I am supplying them well with literature, but anyone who could have Band of Mercy meetings could do excellent work with very little material, as what is read aloud usually makes a deep impression.

How Teachers Can Help

Sunday school and week day teachers can do a great deal by giving short talks and readings on kindness to animals. One whom I know, lent "Black Beauty" from child to child, and it was taken home and read by whole families. The "Angell Prize Contest Recitations" are very popular with young and old, and a Band of Mercy boy said that "The Strike at Shane's" was the best book he had ever read. The American Humane Education Society publishes a wealth of bright and attractive literature at remarkably low prices, so that it is only a question of choosing what is best suited to each one's line of work.

Friends will often be interested if they see books and leaflets in a living room and will ask questions about them. I am trying to place some in the waiting rooms of doctors and dentists whom I know, as they are sure to be read in such places. *Our Dumb Animals*, the monthly magazine of the Society,

is very interesting and everyone likes it. It does good missionary work for animals wherever it goes and is needed in college settlements, boys' clubs, reading rooms, etc. Institutions of all kinds are glad to have donations of humane literature which should always be preceded by a note telling how to use it.

Summer Opportunities for Work

If all who love animals would pack some of this literature in suit case or trunk when going on a journey and circulate as far as possible, humane education would move forward rapidly. I expect to take some with me this summer, and will try to have the Horse's Prayer tacked up in railroad stations, post offices, hotels and everywhere possible. Humane workers should always be in touch with their local S. P. C. A.'s and homes for lost and suffering animals, otherwise they will not know what to do when they see cases of cruelty and suffering. The most timid need not be afraid to report cruelty for their names will be kept private, if they request it.

I believe that there is a wonderful work waiting for those who will carry this humane or humanizing teaching into prisons, reformatories, and such places. Very hard hearts have often a tender spot for animals and through this the good which is said to linger in all might be reached and brought to the surface, and so there is no limit to this work of mercy with its beautiful twofold effect; blessing "him that gives and him that takes."

"Life is short, and there is never too much time; Oh be swift to love! Make haste to be kind!"

Philadelphia, Pa.

A MACEDONIAN CALL

Naples Society for the Protection of Animals

2, Via Vittoria, Naples, Italy,
June 1, 1910.

To the Editor of *Our Dumb Animals*:

Sir: I should be very grateful if you would again find room in *Our Dumb Animals* for an appeal on behalf of the Naples Society for the Protection of Animals. The work done by our inspectors during last year was as follows: extra animals were attached to 25,020 carts and the load of 4,230 others was diminished; 36,638 persons were made to alight from overloaded vehicles, and 23,837 sticks and 179 stakes were confiscated, besides nearly 800 spiked bits and other instruments of torture. There were 7,000 prosecutions, and 2,080 animals were humanely destroyed in lethal chambers at the Society's office or by its agents at the municipal dogs' depot.

I will not trespass on your space with further details, but will only add that the need of pecuniary aid is urgent as building operations in Naples are increasing on all sides, whilst our funds have fallen off lamentably of late; this has necessitated reducing our staff of inspectors which has caused a great increase in the sufferings of animals. Subscriptions and donations will be thankfully received and promptly acknowledged by Miss P. H. Johnston (Hon. Secretary), The Beches, Carlisle; by Mr. C. Calvello (Director), 2 Via Vittoria, Naples; or by myself at 7 Chiata-mone, Naples.

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,
E. L. M. (PRINCESS) MELE BARESE,
President of the Naples Society
for the Protection of Animals.

The vitally important work for us is the humane education of the millions of boys and girls who are to be the future citizens of the state.



THE HUMANE MOVEMENT, Roswell C. McCrea.

Who shall measure the progress that lies between the years when Henry Bergh was facing the ridicule and sneers that met his efforts to start in New York the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the publication of this volume, bearing the above title, and "Prepared on the Henry Bergh Foundation for the Promotion of Humane Education in Columbia University?" Prof. Roswell C. McCrea has laid all humane workers under a lasting debt of obligation for the valuable and painstaking investigations which have resulted in this book. It is the first attempt to gather up into a single volume the story of the slow development in modern times of the humane sentiment, and to present in concise and attractive form the facts that mark the steady advance of this beneficent movement. There is not a humane society in the land that can afford to be without this book. Here are the titles of its five chapters: I. History and Organization, II. Legislation for the Protection of Animals, III. Practical Activities for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, IV. The Work of Allied Humane Organizations, V. The Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

Among the Appendices are articles such as the "Biography of Henry Bergh," "List of Humane Societies," "Illustrative Statutes for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "Circular of Boston Work-Horse Parade," and many others of special interest to those associated with humane work. Tables I. and II. containing a Summary of State Laws for the Protection of Animals and Children will be greatly appreciated for the large amount of material condensed into narrow compass. The book is written by one whose sympathies are thoroughly enlisted in the cause he represents, yet the calm spirit of one dealing scientifically and judiciously with his subject is everywhere manifest.

444 pp. \$2. The MacMillan Company, New York.

GULICK HYGIENIC SERIES, Frances Gulick Jewett and Charlotte Vetter Gulick.

Five text-books covering a wide range of subjects relating to the health of the human body comprise this series which is designed for use in elementary schools. Titles of the separate volumes are: I. Good Health, II. Emergencies, III. Town and City, IV. The Body at Work, V. Control of Body and Mind.

The purpose of the authors is to impress upon the mind of the child the importance of good health in such a way that it will be influenced to form and develop, perhaps unconsciously, wholesome hygienic habits. To accomplish this, the common experiences and observations of the children are constantly drawn upon. Facts are presented in new and attractive form that the pupil may readily draw the right conclusion and make the application closely personal. Topics concerning the fundamental principles of health are discussed such as: "Breathing and Pure Air," "Ventilation," "First Aid to the Injured," "Drinking Water," "Food Inspection," "Tobacco," "Alcohol," "Poisons," etc. In these and other chapters throughout the series, emphasis is continually laid upon the necessity of hygiene in right and useful living. Those subjects which are so commonly dull and distasteful to children and about which their knowledge is gained often too late in life, are set forth with such clearness and force that the truth is early perceived and the lesson effectively learned.

For the teacher's use the series should find ready favor and, in view of the general widely-spreading interest in matters that relate to the public health, it should attract many other readers. The books are illustrated and each contains at the end, questions upon the text, a glossary, and index.

Vols. I. and II., 40 cents each; III., IV. and V., 50 cents each. Ginn & Company, Boston.

ADRIFF ON AN ICE-PAN, Wilfred T. Grenfell.

This vivid account of a thrilling experience, with only dogs for companions, is ideal summer reading.

69 pp. 75 cents. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston.



Courtesy of The Young Pilgrim

FATHER HAD A YOKE OF OXEN

THE RIGHTS OF ANIMALS

In a general way whatever is true of the proper treatment of horses, cattle and other animals is true of sheep, hogs, poultry and other domestic animals. All of them require and have a right to plenty of good, fresh food and drink, to shelter from storms and cold, to good beds, to be treated kindly and to be kept clean. Special care is needed for each kind of animals, to make them thrive best; but comfort and happiness is good for them all and is the right of all.

Our first duty is to our own animals to see that they are comfortable and happy. But it is also the right and duty of everybody to see, as far as he can, that all animals are happy and kindly treated. That is because they are themselves helpless and must depend on us to help them when they need it.

We should, accordingly, form the habit of noticing and watching the conditions and behavior of animals so we can be of use to them when they need it. If we see them abused or neglected, uncomfortable or unhappy, we should not hesitate to do all we can for them, ourselves, by calling attention to them and insisting on their being relieved. If nothing else will do, the officers of the law should be called and asked to see that they are properly treated. Any helpless creature, brute or human, has a right to this from us. If we stop to imagine ourselves in the condition of helpless and suffering animals with no one to notice and to help us, we shall not be apt to fail to do all we can for them.

EDWIN K. WHITEHEAD,

in "Dumb Animals and How to Treat Them."

ACCORDING TO SIZE

A certain Boston gentleman, wishing to take his family to the country last summer, visited a small farm with a view to renting it.

Everything was to his liking and negotiations were about to be completed when the question of renting also the farmer's cow came up. She was an excellent animal, the farmer declared, and even after feeding her calf she would give eight quarts of milk a day.

"Eight quarts a day!" exclaimed the Boston gentleman. "That is more than my whole family could possibly use."

Then, suddenly observing the calf following its mother about the yard, he added:

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll hire the small cow. She looks just about our size." —Washington Post.

For Our Dumb Animals

THE PASTURE HERD

Lowing, lowing still I hear them
In the evening's mellow calm;
Lowing, lowing while the roses
From the hedges breathe their balm;
Lowing, lowing in the twilight
Underneath the tranquil stars,
Underneath the moon in heaven
Flinging down its misty bars.
Still I hear them lowing, lowing
As across the years I look,
Herds that wend among the daisies
In the paths beside the brook.

Ah, 'tis just a rustic picture,
Just a picture of the dells
Where the music of the morning
Is the tinkling of the bells;
Where the buttercups are bending
Each its golden dewy head,
Where the homeward herd is wending
With its slow and even tread;
Where the candle-gleams of daybreak
Rouse them from each drowsy nook;
They, the herds among the daisies
In the paths beside the brook.

Now the farmer boy is calling
From the hilltop o'er the way;
Calling to them: "Speckle, Brindle,
Leave the blossom-girded way;
Come across the dewy dingle
Where the clovers are in bloom,
Where the snowy-petaled lilies
Shake the shadows from the gloom;
Come across the shining shallows
Where the waters turn and crook;
Wend your way among the daisies
In the paths beside the brook."

Ah, the world is young as ever
Turning on its sunward way;
But my steps are growing feeble
And my hair is growing gray.
All the past seems strange and misty,
Down the pathway of the years;
Yet at moments through the silence
Memory, enraptured, hears
Lowing herds with bells a-tinkle,
Herds that, wistful, homeward look,
Wending out among the daisies
In the paths beside the brook.

Rev. LESLIE CLARE MANCHESTER,
North Orange, Mass.

When hiring a carriage or cab always ask the driver not to hurry or whip the horse, and you will invariably find the man will carry out your wishes.



Founders of American Band of Mercy
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Office of Parent American Band of Mercy
DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President.
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.
A. JUDSON LEACH, State Organizer.

PLEDGE

"I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."
M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We are glad to report this month two hundred and twenty-eight new branches of our Parent Band of Mercy, making a total of seventy-seven thousand, nine hundred and forty-eight, with probably over two million members.

We send without cost, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy Information" and other publications; also without cost, to every person who forms a Band of Mercy, obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both to the pledge, and sends us the name chosen for the Band and the name and post office address (town and state) of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our monthly paper, *Our Dumb Animals*, for one year.
2. Annual Report of our American Humane Education Society and Massachusetts S. P. C. A.
3. Mr. Angell's "Address to the Boston Public Schools," "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals," and "Relations of Animals That Can Speak to Those That Are Dumb."
4. "Does It Pay?"—an account of one Band of Mercy.
5. Copy of "Band of Mercy Melodies."
6. The "Humane Manual," and "Exercises for Teachers and Pupils," used on Humane Day in the public schools of Massachusetts.
7. Fifteen "Humane Education Leaflets," containing pictures and selected stories and poems.
8. For the president, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of juvenile temperance organizations and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl, fourteen years old, can form a Band without cost, and receive what we offer above.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings

- 1.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the pledge together. (See "Melodies.")
- 2.—Remarks by President and reading of report of last meeting by Secretary.
- 3.—Readings, "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," "Memory Gems," and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.
- 5.—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6.—Enrollment of new members.
- 7.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



BAND OF MERCY BADGES

They are very handsome—a white star on a blue ground, with gilt letters and border. We sell the large size for two cents each and the small size for one cent each, postpaid, in quantities of five or more. See last page for prices of other Band of Mercy supplies, or send for free illustrated catalogue.



A DALTON, OHIO, GIRL AND HER PETS

For Our Dumb Animals

TOMMY



TOMMY was the only chick of our favorite hen, Lady Struton, who had gained her name, as one might guess, through her walk. The black spectacle marks around her eyes and her habit of standing on one foot and regarding you with an air of mild surprise as a proud dame through her lorgnette, had prefixed the "Lady."

She was too happy when she came out with her one lone Tommy and it was in his defence she was killed.

A large dog had been in the habit of killing our little chickens and on this trip he tried to do away with Tommy. Lady Struton bravely stood her ground but in vain. When I arrived the dog had finished her and had just started on Tommy. He had the poor little chicken by the leg and although I used all possible care in rescuing him, the leg was broken. I buried Lady Struton and took Tommy in to perform an operation. With a toothpick I managed to make splints and in three or four weeks Tommy began to follow me around, emitting a pathetic little peep. We grew quite friendly so that Tommy would respond to his name.

After the recovery I attempted to place Tommy in with another brood but evidently he had inherited the aristocratic tendencies of his mother for he refused to associate with them. He wandered about the neighborhood alone and each night I would have to start out for him. His distinct markings and gun metal colored legs soon gained him recognition from the neighbors who helped me to locate his whereabouts.

As he grew older he acquired the habit of coming home himself and scratching on the kitchen door until I let him in and placed him in the bushel basket, his nightly resting place.

One night I remember I was quite frightened for Tommy had not come home and I had looked for him everywhere. I was just coming into the yard, mournfully thinking he was lost, when I looked up and discovered him, roosting for the first time in a tree.

At last a time came when our family moved. The other chickens were sold but I took Tommy over to the other town with me in a basket. He seemed to understand his position, for not a noise did he make the whole way.

Tommy seemed to like his new surroundings and especially was he taken with a big field of tall grass near by. Soon after my arrival he disappeared. I mourned him again

as lost forever and it seemed this time that it must be true for weeks passed without seeing anything of him. Then it was that the biggest surprise of all came. We had decided to have the field (Tommy's field as we had christened it) mowed. My brother with a large scythe started out but soon returned. "Come along," he called to me, "I almost killed him, or her," he added laughing. I followed wondering. From out the field Tommy came, busily clucking to a brood of downy chicks. I gasped. Tommy was a hen.

HOPE GRAFF,

Washington, D. C.

AN EFFECTIVE LECTURE

A Boston schoolgirl, ten years old, sends us this well-written account of how she and two companions stopped an act of cruelty:

One day as I was going to school, I saw a water-cart standing by the curbstone in some deep mud. The man was beating the horses with a large stick. There were two friends with me. We three girls gave that man a good lecture. When we were about through, the schoolmaster saw us and came down to us. He took away the man's stick and gave him a lecture also. I tell you that man looked scared. The master helped him get the wheels out of the mud and told him never to whip the horses like that again. Then we went on to school. I hope the man remembered the master's advice.

LOIS HELENE SWETT,

West Roxbury, Mass.

The Louisiana State S. P. C. A. held a mass meeting for the children of New Orleans on June 15, attended by three hundred boys and girls of all nationalities. Among those present were a little Japanese boy, a number of children of Russian immigrants from a Jewish Sabbath school, and several representative local Bands of Mercy, one of them sixty strong, that had already been formed in different parts of the city.

WORK FOR ALL

We cannot all be preachers and sway with voice and pen
As strong winds sway the forest, the minds and hearts of men,
But we can be evangelists to souls within our reach;
There's always love's own gospel for loving hearts to preach.

We cannot all be heroes, and thrill a hemisphere
With some great, daring venture, some deed that mocks at fear;
But we can fill a lifetime with kindly acts and true;
There's always noble service for noble souls to do.

Our Dumb Animals

45

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY? To awaken in the heart of every child the impulse of kindness toward all that lives—toward the dumb beasts and toward each human brother; to teach the evil of war and violence, the beauty of mercy and of love. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY.

New Bands of Mercy

With Names of Presidents

Madison, Wisconsin

- 77091 Randall Juniors Eugene Maurer
- 77092 Irving Seniors Louella Ladwig
- 77093 Irving Juniors Leander Ferguson
Groton, Mass
- 77094 Chicopee Rou Elsie E. Shattuck
West Falmouth, Mass.
- 77095 West Falmouth Mariam C. Atwood
Washington, D. C.
Berret School
- 77096 No. 1 William Paxton
- 77097 No. 2 Percy Hickling
- 77098 No. 3 Edwin Brooks
- 77099 No. 4 Lee Hart
- 77100 No. 5 Gerhardt Hauptman
- 77101 No. 6 Mary T. Furniss
- 77102 No. 7 L. T. Padgett
Dennison School
- 77103 No. 1 Mabel Haner
- 77104 No. 2 Elizabeth Andrews
- 77105 No. 3 F. C. Mortimer
- 77106 No. 4 Frances Peak
- 77107 No. 5 Alice H. Fuller
- 77108 No. 6 Margaret Cole
- 77109 No. 7 James Gongwer
- 77110 No. 8 A. Kelton
- 77111 No. 9 Miss Gatty
Cooke School
- 77112 No. 1 Cummel Fishburn
- 77113 No. 2 Helen Bridget
- 77114 No. 3 Minnie Saxton
- 77115 No. 4 Paul Treanor
- 77116 No. 5 Harry Jones
- 77117 No. 6 Hollis Rhinehart
- 77118 No. 7 Robert McLachlan
- 77119 No. 8 Curtis Walker
- 77120 No. 9 Doratheia Stephans
- 77121 No. 10 M. Stanford
Webster School
- 77122 No. 1 Max Schwartz
- 77123 No. 2 John Kidwell
- 77124 No. 3 Jack Dorsey
- 77125 No. 4 E. V. Compton
- 77126 No. 5 Edward Talbert
- 77127 No. 6 Edgar Regg
- 77128 No. 7 Esther Beach
- 77129 No. 8 Edith De Groot

- 77130 No. 9 Ernest Griffith
- 77131 No. 10 Norman Duehring
- 77132 No. 11 Fred Gaut
- 77133 No. 12 B Street
- 77134 No. 13 Norman Goldberg
Washington, D. C.
Abbott School
- 77135 Div. 1 Carrol Grey
- 77136 Div. 2 Virginia Roberts
- 77137 Div. 3 Irene Sasser
- 77138 Div. 4 Emma Wheeler
- 77139 Div. 5 George Eckert
- 77140 Div. 6 Frank Wilson
- 77141 Div. 7 Benjamin Lanhan
- 77142 Div. 8 Kitty Hoge
- 77143 Div. 9 H. W. Merriam
Henry School
- 77144 Div. 1 Darrah Bayly
- 77145 Div. 2 Richard McMahon
- 77146 Div. 3 Lucele Wright
- 77147 Div. 4 Fred Lohmeyer
- 77148 Div. 5 Harry Cohen
- 77149 Div. 6 Mildred Schlosberg
- 77150 Div. 7 Jack Braedy
- 77151 Div. 8 Ralph Turoff
- 77152 Div. 9 George Stutz
- 77153 Div. 10 Leonard Steidel
- 77154 Div. 11 Lochman Johnson
Polk School
- 77155 Div. 1 B. B. Crockett
- 77156 Div. 2 Edward Cofritz
- 77157 Div. 3 Frances Robinson
- 77158 Div. 4 William Dieste
- 77159 Div. 5 Gilbert Cake
- 77160 Div. 6 Harry Walker
- 77161 Div. 7 J. Wagner
- 77162 Div. 8 E. L. Goggins
Morse School
- 77163 Div. 1 Bancroft T. Foley
- 77164 Div. 2 Jacob Sokol
- 77165 Div. 3 Harold Atkinson
- 77166 Div. 4 Dorothy Davis
- 77167 Div. 5 M. S. Clark
- 77168 Div. 6 Bernard Kroger
- 77169 Div. 7 Walter Stewart
- 77170 Div. 8 Elizabeth Johnson

- Twining School
- 77171 Div. 1 Fennit Hall
- 77172 Div. 2 Elsie Hibbs
- 77173 Div. 3 Earl Rillmer
- 77174 Div. 4 Earl Mackintosh
- 77175 Div. 5 James Sangster
- 77176 Div. 6 Louis Fobes
- 77177 Div. 7 Josephine Vincent
- 77178 Div. 8 Mamie Klopfer
Brockton, Mass.
- 77179 Whitman School
- 77180 Cora H. Alger
Hoosick Falls, N. Y.
- Wide Awake
- John Davis
- 77181 *Madison, Wisconsin*
The Crusaders
- Salome Winckler
- 77182 *Suffield, Conn.*
North St. School
- William King
- 77183 *West Springfield, Mass.*
Main St. School
- Div. 1, Gr. 4
- Roy Lenville
- 77184 Div. 2, Gr. 5
- Mabel Falvey
- 77185 *Roxbury Crossing, Mass.*
Future Citizens
- Alfred Stohm
- 77186 *Duluth, Minn.*
Adams School
- A. 3rd Gr.
- Elwyn Smith
- 77187 A. 4th Gr.
- Robert Hullseek
- 77188 5th Gr.
- Frederick Pilon
- 77189 A & B. 6th Gr.
- Ethel Nyman
- 77190 B. 7th. & A. 6th
- Bennie Johnson
- 77191 7th Gr.
- Charles Diers
- 77192 8th Gr.
- Walter Lacrosse
- Monroe School
- 77193 Room 8
- Rose West
- 77194 Room 7
- Ruth Carlson
- 77195 Room 6
- Ralph Swanstrom
- 77196 Room 5
- Alberta Johnson
- 77197 Assembly
- Walter Anderson
- 77198 *Berkley, Mass.*
School No. 1
- F. Edith Pond
- 77199 School No. 2
- Isabelle L. Pratt
- 77200 School No. 3
- Ruth E. Delano
- 77201 School No. 4
- Jessie Howland
- 77202 School No. 5
- Marion G. Adrian
- 77203 School No. 6
- Mrs. Ada Cooper
- 77204 *Freetown, Mass.*
Myricks School
- Mrs. Maria Legrow
- 77205 Forge School
- Susie J. Davis
- 77206 *Village School*
Div. 1
- Bessie Tucker
- 77207 Div. 2
- Lucile Reynolds

- Crystal Springs School
- 77208 Div. 1 Mr. Ogden
- 77209 Div. 2 Mildred Lincoln
- Union School
- 77210 Div. 1 F. S. Brownell
- 77211 Div. 2 Helen L. Sullivan
East Freetown, Mass.
- 77212 East School
- Irene M. Bradbury
- 77213 Furnace School
- Mary L. Dodge
- 77214 *Canton, Mass.*
Ponkapoag School
- Div. 1
- Grace Smith
- 77215 Div. 2 Frances M. O'Connell
- Eliot School
- 77216 Div. 1 Ellen Clarke
- 77217 Div. 2 Honora Cronon
- 77218 Div. 3 Ellen Jordan
- 77219 Div. 4 Mrs. Lulu Reford
- Crane School
- 77220 Div. 1 E. E. Kelley
- 77221 Div. 2 A. Delaney
- 77222 Div. 3 A. Downs
- 77223 Div. 4 Miss Rehili
- 77224 Div. 5 Miss Bright
- Revere School
- 77225 Div. 1 M. G. Loneragan
- 77226 Div. 2 Miss Crowley
- Gridley School
- 77227 Div. 1 Miss Scolard
- 77228 Div. 2 Miss Cronin
- 77229 *Foxboro, Mass.*
Cary School
- 77230 Mary F. Matthews
- Everett School
- 77231 Florence Belcher
- Paine School
- 77232 Mildred L. Koppman
- Plimpton School
- 77233 Mrs. Lizzie R. Smith
- Pratt School
- 77234 Mildred I. Follett
- Quaker Hill School
- Grace Sullivan
- 77235 Carpenter School
- Div. 1
- A. A. Kimball
- 77236 Div. 2 H. A. Boyden
- 77237 Div. 3 G. W. Carpenter
- 77238 Div. 4 J. F. Cutting
- 77239 *Worcester, Mass.*
Cherry
- Agatha Small
- 77240 *Madison, Wis.*
So. Madison Seniors
- Isabella Johnson
- 77241 So. Madison Juniors
- Miss Ames
- 77242 Hawthorne Helpers
- Edward Riley
- 77243 *Providence, R. I.*
Mt. Pleasant Ave. Prim. School
- Sunshine
- Mary J. Kenney

- 77244 True Friends
- Mary J. G. McAlonan
- 77245 Kind Helpers
- Philomena M. Johnson
- 77246 Kind Little Helpers
- Mary F. Monroe
- 77247 Sunshine
- Anna L. O'Connor
- 77248 Trusty Helpers
- Mary T. B. Kelly
- Admiral St. Primary Sch.
- 77249 Kind Little Helpers
- Annie Mahoney
- 77250 Div. 2 Mary V. McCabe
- 77251 Div. 3 Teresa A. Donnelly
- 77252 Div. 4 Frances G. Nolan
- Tyler School
- 77253 Div. 1
- 77254 Div. 2
- 77255 Div. 3
- 77256 Div. 4
- 77257 Div. 5
- 77258 Div. 6
- 77259 Div. 7
- 77260 Div. 8
- 77261 Div. 9
- 77262 Div. 10
- 77263 Div. 11
- 77264 Div. 12
- 77265 Div. 13
- 77266 Div. 14
- Cleary Grammar School
- St. Joseph's Bands
- 77267 Div. 1
- 77268 Div. 2
- 77269 Div. 3
- 77270 Div. 4
- 77271 Div. 5
- 77272 Div. 6
- 77273 Div. 7
- 77274 Div. 8
- 77275 Div. 9
- 77276 Div. 10
- 77277 Div. 11
- 77278 Div. 12
- 77279 Div. 13
- 77280 Div. 14
- 77281 Div. 15
- 77282 Div. 16
- 77283 Div. 17
- 77284 Div. 18
- Carpenter St. Primary Sch.
- Be Kind to All
- 77285 Div. 1 E. L. Phillips
- 77286 Div. 2 M. A. Gorman
- 77287 Div. 3 Mrs. M. E. Douglass
- 77288 Div. 4 L. M. Sweet
- Willard Ave. School
- Kind Little Helpers
- 77289 Div. 1 F. B. Brightman
- 77290 Div. 2 A. T. O'Donnell
- 77291 Div. 3 C. L. McLaughlin
- 77292 Div. 4 H. E. Sullivan
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- The Friendly
- 77293 Div. 1 Endora E. Joslin
- 77294 Div. 2 Mary C. Wheeler
- 77295 Div. 3 Charlotte M. Bradford
- 77296 Div. 4 B. Laura Lyons
- 77297 *E. Providence, R. I.*
Grove Ave. School
- Loyal Workers
- Div. 1
- Emeline A. Orswell

77298 Div. 2 Mary E. Bosworth	77337 Div. 3 Alice C. Brady	77376 Div. 3 Nellie F. Healey	77412 Div. 3 Edna M. Slocum	77447 Div. 1 H. G. Walch
77299 Div. 3 Mary E. Bosworth	77338 Div. 4 Mary A. O'Neil	77377 Div. 4 Teresa C. Cahill	77413 Div. 4 Bertha R. Kent	77448 Div. 2 P. F. Kemp
77300 Div. 4 A. L. W. Peckham	Killingly St. School Golden Rule	A. P. Hoyt Grammar Sch. Loyal Protectors	77414 Div. 5 Ellen M. Nichols	77449 Div. 3 N. M. Slade
77301 Div. 5 Cornelia M. Goff	77339 Div. 1 Mary G. Walsh	77378 Div. 1 Francesca M. Kiley	77415 Div. 6 Gertrude A. Clair	Joyce St. School Golden Rule
77302 Div. 6 Mary C. Brodie	77340 Div. 2 Eva L. Gibbs	77379 Div. 2 Bertha V. Card	77416 Div. 7 Carrie M. Whipple	77450 Div. 1 Emelyn F. Collins
77303 Div. 7 M. Elma Carr	77341 Div. 3 Mary G. Halliwell	77380 Div. 3 Ida M. Carpenter	77417 Div. 8 Susan L. Brigwood	77451 Div. 2 Mary V. Quirk
77304 Div. 8 Winnifred J. Wass	77342 Div. 4 Elizabeth G. Tally	77381 Div. 4 Emma L. Ray	77418 Div. 9 Eleanor C. Doucet	77452 Div. 3 Margaret A. Leahy
Providence, R. I. Covell St. School Golden Rule	Miss Wheeler's School True Hearted Protectors	77382 Div. 5 E. O. Holinquist	Phenix, R. I. Defenders of the Helpless	77453 Div. 4 Mary E. Ward
77305 Div. 1 Minnie W. Mason	Mary J. Kennedy Webster Ave. Gram. Sch. Protectors of the Helpless	77383 Div. 6 Catherine I. Cahill	77419 Div. 1 Julian L. Noyes	77454 Div. 5 Florence S. Allen
77306 Div. 2 Katharine L. Casey	77344 Div. 1 Ida A. Cunningham	77384 Div. 7 May W. Meegan	77420 Div. 2 Susie L. Bennett	77455 Div. 6 Annie C. Collins
77307 Div. 3 Mary T. Haran	77345 Div. 2 Eleanor J. Winsor	77385 Div. 8 Rose M. Gerhard	77421 Div. 3 Jennie W. Phillips	77456 Div. 7 Adele E. Kemp
Amherst St. School Golden Rule	77346 Div. 3 Jeannette A. McLaren	Mauran Ave. Primary Sch. Golden Rule	77422 Div. 4 Emma E. Greene	77457 Div. 8 Virginia Baker
77308 Div. 1 Louise M. Corcoran	77347 Div. 4 Lilian A. Winsor	77386 Div. 1 Althea T. Ide	77423 Div. 5 Ruth C. Johnson	Burnside, Conn. 77458 Kind Deeds
77309 Div. 2 Mabel E. Jordan	77348 Div. 5 Alice E. Stucker	77387 Div. 2 Florence L. Wood	77424 Div. 6 Anita G. Gillies	Martha G. Clark Duluth, Minn.
77310 Div. 3 Lucy E. Gannon	77349 Div. 6 Irene L. Laraway	77388 Div. 3 Nora T. Sullivan	Wickford, R. I. 77425 No. Kingston Humane Soc.	Emerson School 77459 Room 1
77311 Div. 4 Elizabeth F. Cole	Beatrice Gile 77351 Div. 8 Annie F. Emmons	77389 Div. 4 Joseph W. Ross	Albert A. Griffin Wickford Graded School	Elsie Jones 77460 Room 2
Berkshire St. School Faithful Workers	77352 Div. 9 Rena B. Dodge	James St. School Kind Helpers	77426 Div. 1 G. A. Adams	Martha Berg 77461 Room 3
77312 Div. 1 Anna G. Duffy	77353 Div. 10 Ethel A. Rawson	77390 Div. 1 Elyne H. O'Leary	77427 Div. 2 Bertha E. D. Worth	Margaret Moe 77462 Room 4
77313 Div. 2 C. E. Drew	77354 Div. 11 Nora L. Maguire	77391 Div. 2 Mary A. Carpenter	77428 Div. 3 Neva M. Sisson	Roy Farah 77463 Room 5
77314 Div. 3 Sarah T. McCabe	77355 Div. 12 Ellen T. McCartin	Leonard School Kind Helpers	77429 Div. 4 Marion L. Young	Martha Adsem 77464 Room 6
77315 Div. 4 Emma P. Hussey	Roosevelt St. School Golden Rule Humane Soc.	77392 Div. 1 Abbie E. Donovan	Belleville, R. I. Belleville School	Raymond Larsen 77465 Room 10
77316 Div. 5 Sarah L. Kennedy	77356 Div. 1 Lena M. Arnold	Brightbridge School Helping Hand	Helping Hand 77430 Div. 1	Wilfrid Blais 77466 Room 11
Hammond St. School Trusty Helpers	77357 Div. 2 Ellennora I. Murphy	77393 Div. 1 M. C. Sutherland	Annie L. Tully 77431 Div. 2	Rose Martin Madison, Wisconsin
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77322 Div. 6 Martha A. Freeman	77362 Div. 2 Annie L. Crowe	Mary P. Hill 77398 Div. 3	77434 Div. 1 Mary V. Rigney	77470 Bartlett St. School
Warren St. School Loving Helpers	77363 Div. 3 Katherine I. Conley	E. Gertrude Ross 77399 Div. 4	77435 Div. 2 Susie W. Lewis	Mrs. W. H. Daniels Sharon, Mass.
77323 Div. 1 Elizabeth S. Robinson	77364 Div. 4 Helen F. Holbrook	Jennie Sundberg 77400 Div. 5	Davisville, R. I. 77436 Loyal Protectors of Pleasant Valley	Sharon Schools 77471 No. 1
77324 Div. 2 Fannie W. Robinson	77365 Div. 5 Annie E. Rice	Agnes M. Moe 77401 Div. 6	Fannie M. Arnold Hamilton, R. I.	Carolyn A. Dennis 77472 No. 2
77325 Div. 3 Anna C. Magnus	77366 Div. 6 Lizzie E. Chace	Margaret Roe Centre Primary School	Hamilton School 77437 Div. 1	Annibess Williams 77473 No. 3
77326 Div. 4 Mary E. Lovegrove	77367 Div. 7 Bertha S. Holloway	Inez Prentiss Wilson Ave. Primary Sch.	Marguerite E. Kirby 77438 Div. 2	Elsie S. Perham 77474 No. 4
Miss Bronson's Private Sch. Miss Bronson	Kelly St. Primary School Kind Boys and Girls	Wilson Ave. Helpers Mary A. Roe	Mrs. Josephine M. Larned Pawtucket, R. I.	Maude B. Huff 77475 No. 5
Ralph St. School Kind Helpers	77368 Div. 1 M. Etta Thomas	Pontiac School Loyal Defenders	Pawtucket High School 77439 Div. 1	A. Edith Varney 77476 No. 6
77328 Div. 1 Mabel T. Lowe	77369 Div. 2 Gertrude E. Bode	77404 Div. 1 Mary V. Snow	77440 Div. 2 Elmer S. Hosmer, Pres.	Bessie E. Cove 77477 No. 7
77329 Div. 2 Mary A. E. Williams	77370 Div. 3 Emma C. Midgley	77405 Div. 2 Bertha M. Aldrich	Four Divs. Warren, R. I.	Ruth E. Davis 77478 South School
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77334 Div. 7 Nellie C. Read	77374 Div. 1 Agnes B. Hennessey	Natick, R. I. Loyal Protectors	77446 Div. 4 K. A. Hanrahan	M. A. Stone 77482 Div. 3
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77335 Div. 1 Mary I. Grant		77411 Div. 2 Fannie B. Aldrich		M. F. Conley 77484 Div. 5
77336 Div. 2 Lizzie L. Gurry				M. A. O'Connell 77485 Div. 6
				M. E. Murphy 77486 Div. 7
				M. J. Reynolds

For Our Dumb Animals POOR LITTLE NOBODY'S CAT

Wretchedly homesick, frightened, forlorn,
She peers through the windows with wistful great
eyes;

Oh, the quiet within; all in vain does she mourn,
Abandoned, deserted, unheeded her cries—
Poor little nobody's cat!

Once she was petted; soft hands smoothed the coat
So glossy and sleek, now all cobwebs and burrs;
What visions of past joys before her eyes float—
When milk and good meat in abundance were
hers,—
When she was somebody's cat.

But gone now the summer, and summer friends too;
"Poor pussy must forage—she'll hunt," so they
said;

"'Tis a pity to leave her, but what can we do?"—
And away in their autos they heartlessly sped,
Leaving the poor little cat.

Beneath the piazza, bare ground for a bed
Three diminutive kittens—alas for their fate,
With starvation before them!—unhoused and unfed,
Nigh frantic with hunger, the coming await
Of poor little nobody's cat.

O sad little mother cat, faithful and true,
Big-eyed with hunger, abandoned, forlorn,
Left to "forage," alas, where the mice were so few,
'Twere better for her had she never been born—
Poor little nobody's cat!

LOUELLA C. POOLE,

Jamaica Plain, Mass.

For Our Dumb Animals SOME KNOWING PETS



MADGE was a beautiful, fleet-footed bay horse. I often said, "She knew more than the Indians" and this without any discourtesy to the Indians. She always knew when it was Sunday, perhaps by hearing the nine o'clock church bells

and, while on other days she didn't notice the churches, on Sundays she would always gallop past them for fear the church bells would peal out and she disliked all loud noises.

To go down town from our home we were obliged to go over two railroad crossings. Always when within a few rods of the crossing Madge of her own accord would slow up, and turn her pretty ears to hear if the train were coming. If it were, she would stop short and wait motionless until it had passed, then without any sign from me she would go on. If, however, she did not hear a train she would almost fly over the track to make sure of getting out of the way. She was so dependable that I was relieved of all anxiety in regard to the crossings. She knew a great deal and she seemed to realize that she was appreciated and prized. Horses and other animals are too often treated as though they were senseless machines instead of sentient living beings.

Sultan was a magnificent St. Bernard, a near relative of "Merchant Prince." He was kind to everybody, especially to little children and kittens. Many a time I have seen him take small kittens in his mouth and carry them to a place of safety, and it was no unusual thing for them to sleep on his soft furry back on cold winter nights. He had a wonderful understanding of the meaning of words and sentences although he had never been trained except in the way that all dogs are entitled to be. He never went far from home, but one day I said to him that after lunch he might get in my carriage and ride down town with me. He never had been in the carriage, but sure enough when an hour later the carriage came to the door he was waiting; and without a word from me jumped in and settled himself for the drive which he greatly enjoyed.

We had a fine cat named Fluffy. One of her kittens was named Jappy in honor of a Japanese lady who was visiting at our house. At the same time there were some children visitors who loved to play with the kitty, much to the



A CONTENTED PUSS

worry of the mother cat who came appealingly to me, and I advised her to take Jappy to the attic. To my surprise she did this, by climbing a tree with the kitty in her mouth and making her way over a high roof, and she kept Jappy in the quiet attic until the children had finished their visit. Another kitty of the same family was given the name of Geranium by my housekeeper's little girl. We called him Jerry for short. He seemed very much offended when some other kittens came and left the house, going to the neighborhood grocers, occasionally coming back for milk; but he never failed to come on Saturday evening for his baked beans, and he came on no other evening. About two years ago his mother died and without any special invitation he came home to stay. He is now old and sedate and we call him Deacon Jerry.

LILLIAN M. N. STEVENS,

Portland, Me.

For Our Dumb Animals THINGS CATS WILL EAT

The greatly advanced price of meat during the past year has brought something to my notice of which I was not before aware: how many owners of cats are ignorant of what the animals may be fed upon besides flesh.

Of course all pussies *prefer* meat as well as mice, but the variety of other things they will eat seems to be generally unknown, even by many persons who have had cats all their lives. It must be remembered, though, that the felines differ in their tastes as widely as human beings do, and a family of kittens raised in the same household, under identical conditions, will show unaccountable preferences for certain kinds of food and as strong a dislike for other kinds.

For instance, one of my twin tom-cats will eat buttered toast ravenously, never seeming to get enough; yet his brother turns up his ebony nose at the dainty and disdainfully

walks away from it. Why? For no reason that I can think of, as I have never offered one cat anything that the other was not given also.

It is easier, to be sure, to train kittens in the way they should eat, but even full-grown cats will soon learn to accept and enjoy many things besides the expensive ones if only their mistresses persevere in the training of their pets.

Just try your feline boarders with the following foods and see whether they will refuse any of them.

All kinds of beans, except limas, mashed and mixed with a little butter, dripping, or milk.

Rice. Made into pudding liked best, of course.

Corn, when either buttered or boiled in milk. Sweet potatoes any way but raw.

Toasted bread and milk-toast. Also crackers of all kinds in milk.

Pap, sweetened slightly.

Oatmeal gruel, with a little milk and sugar.

Eggs raw and cooked in every way, but especially fried as an omelet.

Anything made chiefly of milk and eggs, milk and flour, butter and flour, etc.

Nearly all kinds of gravies are liked by cats, and many stew-gravies may be fed to them if a portion is taken from the pot before such things as herbs or onions are added. These gravies may be used to good advantage when nothing else is available, as they prove good "fillers" for the ever hungry puss.

MRS. M. Z. WATROUS,

Santa Monica, Cal.

While you are suffering from the heat, don't forget that the horse, dog, cat or other living creature in your care also suffers, and, because of its helplessness is especially entitled to your utmost kindness, patience and consideration.

Receipts of M. S. P. C. A. for June, 1910
Fines and witness fees, \$206.70.

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A flower upon a threshold laid;
A little kindness wrought unseen;
I know not who love's tribute paid,
I only know that it has made
Life's pathway smooth, life's borders green.

God bless the gracious hands that e'er

Such tender ministries essay;

Dear hands that help the pilgrim bear

His load of weariness and care

More bravely up the toilsome way.

Oh, what a little thing can turn

A heavy heart from sighs to song,

A smile can make the world less stern!

A word can cause the soul to burn

With glow of heaven all night long!

It needs not that love's gift be great—

Some splendid jewels of the soul

For which a king might supplicate.

Nay, true love's least, at love's true rate

Is the tithe most royal of the whole.

JAMES BUCKHAM.

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Founded by GEO. T. ANGELL in 1868.

Published on the first Tuesday of each month
by the

Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

Official organ of all our Societies.

Actual monthly circulation exceeds 61,000.

Our columns independent of all advertising.

Only gratuitous contributions considered.

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